

THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"VISITING EVERY FLOWER WITH LABOUR MEET,
AND GATHERING ALL ITS TREASURES, SWEET BY SWEET."

VOL. 1.....NEW SERIES.]

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY MAY 30, 1812.

[NO. 4.]

THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER.

(Continued.)

Courtney bowed, and seemed highly gratified by the invitation. "I was coming to offer your ladyship some tickets for the master's ball," said Sibthorpe; "but perhaps you are provided."—"No," returned Lady Clerville, "I shall certainly go; my little niece here—but I have not introduced you; Colonel Sibthorpe, Miss Hollingsby, Mr. Courtney." This ceremony adjusted, Lady Clerville continued, "My niece must not lose any of the pleasures of Bath, as her stay may be short."—"Too long for us, I fear," cried the flattering colonel, bowing conceitedly to Cornelia, who felt the colour mounting on her cheeks. "Is Miss Hollingsby the hundredth, or only the ninety-ninth, young lady to whom you have addressed that silly compliment, my good friend?" asked Lady Clerville. "Nay, now," rejoined the colonel, showing his fine teeth, "I must not let you be so severe upon me, or I shall suspect you of that womanish failing, envy."—"Well, well: I cannot stand prattling here; I must take this girl to fifty places." At this intimation the colonel bowed profoundly, and wheeled off.

When they were out of hearing, Lady Clerville said, turning to her niece, "That Colonel Sibthorpe is the most consummate coxcomb in existence, and, *entre nous*, one of the greatest hypocrites."—"And yet your ladyship condescends to countenance him," returned Cornelia, smiling.—"Very true," replied Lady Clerville, shrugging her shoulders; "and such things must be; Sibthorpe is a man of fortune, high in military rank, and as a woman's vanity must be gratified, a few absurdities may now and then be tolerated. The colonel is not an immoral man, therefore I think myself justified in being civil to him; especially as it gives me the opportunity of serving others. In fact, his character is made up of negatives; he is not a fool, he is not a libertine, nor yet a sharper; and, I must declare to you, my dear girl, that many ladies of fashion admit even these in their train, merely for the sake of being admired and celebrated."—"And is this my sage, formal aunt?" thought Cornelia, as she accompanied the gay Lady Clerville from shop to shop, where she tossed over heaps of silks, laces, and trinkets; sometimes without making the smallest purchase. At their return, Cornelia found that her trunks were arrived, and she busied herself in unpacking till it was time to dress for dinner. We will take the opportunity of her being so engaged, to enter more circumstantially into the history and character of Lady Clerville.

With an inexhaustible fund of sprightliness, this gay woman of fashion possessed a good heart and a virtuous disposition; yet the little regard she paid to established rules, exposed her to the slanders of rigid prudence, or malignant envy. Laura Hollingsby, on the marriage of her brother, was brought into society far

above her early expectations, in point of rank, and in consequence, her ambitious hopes elevated themselves proportionately. On the death of her father, she was consigned to the guardianship of one who had ever been a most zealous friend to the family; Sir William Clerville was then five and forty, his ward nineteen, yet the disparity of their years did not prevent the susceptible baronet from bestowing his affections on his captivating charge, and ultimately making her an offer of marriage. Laura, who thought of nothing but being mistress of a handsome establishment, and had formed no other idea of marriage than what was associated with independence, assured him, with much grace and sweetness, that she considered his proposal as a most flattering distinction. Sir William, delighted at this ready and unlooked-for compliance, loaded her with caresses and presents; and their marriage was solemnized with the greatest splendor. Her little heart danced with pleasure at the homage paid her wherever she went, and as her purse was liberally supplied by her doating husband, she thought herself in possession of every earthly blessing. A pulmonary complaint at length obliged Sir William to visit Spa; Laura was seriously alarmed; for his kindness to her had rendered gratitude as warm a sentiment in her breast as love, and she prepared to accompany him with alacrity, which increased his regard.

To render her affectionate attendance less irksome, Sir William made a gradual tour through France and Italy, and on the continent his lady imbibed a fresh taste for show and dissipation; yet she remained a faithful wife and tender assiduous nurse, till death released her from a tie, which many girls of her age would have considered insupportable. Having no family, and being left to the uncontrouled guidance of her conduct and fortune, she began to feel the advantages of liberty, and was soon surrounded by a variety of lovers, attracted equally by her beauty, accomplishments and fortune; but her heart was still untouched, and she resolved never again to bestow her hand unbiassed by affection. Thus was her ladyship situated, when it occurred to her that a female companion would be both agreeable and eligible for her, and her thoughts turned on the daughter of her brother, as one whom the tie of relationship would attach more closely to her interest, and with whom she might participate in more unrestrained confidence.

CHAPTER IV.

"I always suspect the candour of those who set up for wits; I am always apprehensive lest they should sacrifice the real state of things to the arts of description, and affect a brilliancy of style at the expence of truth."

Rousseau.

CORNELIA was soon initiated into all the mysteries of fashion, she dressed with taste, reconciled herself to the practice of wearing

rouge, when she appeared in public; and, although not quite an adept herself in the talent of quizzing, could join readily in the laugh raised against others, by one, who in defiance of good-nature or decorum, exercised her wit in that way, for the diversion of the company. This ingenious young lady was introduced to our heroine by Lady Clerville, as the "most agreeable creature in life; and, consequently, no doubt could be entertained by our novice of her worth or abilities. In fact, Lady Virginia Morney was one of those accommodating persons who can suit their genius to all occasions and characters; to those whom she had any interest in pleasing, she was a most egregious flatterer—while the effusions of her mischievous temper were vented on those who had no power to recriminate. Her rank and personal attractions secured her many admirers, but her levity too soon released them from her chains, and she was now pretty near that critical period at which ladies are said to be fairly on the look-out. Her present admirer was a Mr. Agincourt, who was one of those beings who possessed no character at all, but followed the lady merely for the reputation of having it said, that he was in favour with a fine woman, and one who in the fashionable circles was deemed a *belle esprit*. Lady Virginia was not long at a loss for an object on whom she might exercise her ridicule, when she was once presented to Juanna Millington; and the very next day, at dinner, a fair opportunity offered. Colonel Sibthorpe, who happened to occupy the next seat, chanced to display an elegant snuff-box, on the lid of which was a beautiful Madonna, in enamel. Juanna incautiously expressed her admiration of it, and observed, that she had seen a face somewhere very much like it. "Perhaps you might, ma'am replied the colonel it is one of Raphael's."—"Dear me," returned the spinster, simpering, "that Raphael was a vile character, he had more mistresses than any man I ever heard of—I have seen a number of pictures of beautiful women, and been told they were all his."—Colonel Sibthorpe, ready to laugh at this misapprehension, turned his head aside, without making any reply; and lady Virginia, availing herself of the opportunity, jogged Miss Millington's elbow, saying, in a whisper, "Hush! for mercy's sake, dear madam! it is the colonel's grandmother." Upon which Juanna very gravely replied, "You astonish me, my lady; well, I protest I would not have hinted at such a family misfortune for the world: but really I saw no likeness. Do pray make an apology for me." At these words, Lady Virginia, losing all command of herself, burst into a loud laugh, which was echoed by Agincourt; a reproving glance from Lady Clerville, however, gave her a moment's embarrassment; but recollecting herself, with admirable presence of mind, she turned to Juanna and begged her pardon, declaring that a laughable circumstance just at that moment occurred to her remembrance, which had quite upset her gravity.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

DEBATES FOR THE LADIES.

QUESTION.—Whether long courtships are likely to produce happy marriages?

AFTER the usual ceremonies had been observed, Mr. Cavil opened the debate as follows:

Mr. Cavil,

I have taken upon me, gentlemen, to speak first on the subject of this evening's debate, that the few observations I have to offer may open a more extensive field for argument. I will therefore presume to say, that the question as it now stands is too limited in its significance; as we should not only endeavour to prove by fair reasoning, "whether long courtships are likely to produce happy marriages—but also, whether they are likely to produce any marriage at all?" Of this I have my doubt, which I shall proceed briefly to state. In the first place, then, I am of opinion, that a long courtship too frequently wears out affection; long habits of familiarity blunt the nicer feelings of sensibility; the charms of novelty, man's greatest delight, subsides; frequent intercourse exposes to each faults in the other, which, a slight acquaintance would have passed without notice, or if noticed, would have been excused by the partiality of a lover. The restraint of external respect soon wears off; the idea of exclusive property is substituted, and each imagines they can take liberties with one who should own no law but their pleasure. This too frequently occasions a breach of intimacy; or should it terminate in marriage, it is more than probable that their newly-acquired power is used in the fullest extent to retaliate every former slight and inadvertence, embittering present joys with past recollections.

Mr. Placid.

Without any apology, I shall take the liberty of dissenting, in every particular, from the opinion of the gentleman who spoke last. I cannot allow to his argument any merit whatever unless indeed we are to imagine the couples so united devoid of every amiable quality. When the mutual admiration which gives rise to a serious courtship is only founded on personal attraction, I grant a long intimacy may produce the lamentable effects described by Mr. Cavil. But where good sense, integrity, engaging manners, and a virtuous character support the attachment, I think it tends to the mutual advantage of the parties to have a most intimate knowledge of each other before they unite. By this, all the trifling restraints which a young and delicate mind must feel, are worn away on the side of the female; she places her fullest confidence in her husband, for she has proved his worth as a lover; she has no occasion for a companion of her own sex with whom she may exchange secrets, her beloved husband being the sole depository of such communications. She has no petty fears and jealousies on his account, for she has tried his constancy, and knows that their marriage is not the result of a mere transient liking, but of a permanent regard and esteem; they have known each other's faults, and they likewise know how to be indulgent to them; they know each other's tempers, and by that means have the power to avoid what would irritate, and the knowledge of the means most likely to soothe and pacify. These I look upon as permanent advantages, and if I might be allowed to speak

from experience, I would assert that these advantages are generally productive of happiness.

Captain Rattle.

I think it is a great pity that the ladies are not allowed to give their sentiments on this interesting subject; for I am of opinion that they would unanimously side with me in decrying long courtships, and wishing the men to come to a hasty determination. What barbarous creature would keep the lovely object of his affections in tedious suspense? It must surely be sufficient punishment to the sex to be under the customary restriction of waiting till they are asked, without being dangled on year after year; to have every word, look, or even thought, examined through the microscope of jealous scrutiny! Pardon me, gentlemen; but I can never give my support to such proceedings. No, no, marriage is always a lottery; pick and chuse with what caution you will, you may meet with a blank at last; rather let us tempt fortune by generous boldness, and run the risk of all Hymen's dear varieties. It is well known that "hope deferred, maketh the heart sick." In all treaties of alliance, let the eyes be the heralds, the heart negotiate, and the hands sign the articles, with all possible dispatch, lest the dæmon of discord should step in between, and mar the arrangements.

Mr. Younghusband.

I admire the candor and liberality of sentiment which dictated the observations of my friend Rattle, yet cannot altogether approve of the hasty measures he would recommend. Some time for consideration should certainly be taken before we rush into engagements which must hold through life; and I think in this, as in most other cases, a medium should be observed. Too long courtship, as Mr. Cavil observed, palls affection, while, on the other hand, a slight acquaintance is insufficient to disclose the character. However, the time must still be indeterminate, as situation and circumstances may dictate. It may occur that the parties will have as perfect knowledge of each other's sentiments and habits after an acquaintance of three months, as others, particularly circumstanced, can obtain in as many years; nay, I even doubt if lovers can have any real knowledge of each other's true tempers. There is a degree of excusable deception mutually practised, and which usually lasts till the honey-moon is over; not to mention the blindness of Cupid's votaries, who will seldom see what they could not approve till their eyes should be shut for ever. On the whole, I will venture to declare it my opinion, that a courtship protracted to a reasonable length, is most advisable and consistent with reason.

Mr. Meanwell finding all these arguments inconclusive, called for the majority, which favoured the last speaker. The decision was then registered thus: "That long courtships, if they terminate in marriage, are most likely to be productive of happiness."

BIOGRAPHY OF PETRARCH.

FRANCIS PETRARCH was born at Arezzo the 20th of July, 1304. His father having retired to Avignon, and afterwards to Carpentras, in order to escape from the troubles which desolated Italy, Petrarch commenced his earliest studies in those two cities. He was after-

wards sent to Montpellier, and then to Bologne to study the law. Having, at this period, tasted the charms of Virgil, Cicero and Livy, he conceived the greatest aversion from jurisprudence. "What interest," he writes to one of his friend's, "can I take in a thousand questions treated of in the schools: whether, for example, seven witnesses are requisite to validate a will: whether the child of a slave be an acquired property of the master, and so of other points agitated in the assemblies of our jurisconsults. All this, to me, appears insipid, useless and insupportable." From this passage it is seen, that Petrarch only studied law to oblige his family. His father and mother having died at Avignon, he returned to that city, where in 1327 he conceived a violent passion for *Laura de Noves*. He had a pleasing countenance, brilliant eye, a physiognomy firm and animated. His open and noble air commanded at the same time love and respect. Laura was sensible of these natural advantages, but did not allow him to perceive it. Petrarch, unable to check his passion or to gain on his mistress, either by his verses, his constancy, or his reflexions, undertook several journeys to dissipate his affection; and at length withdrew himself to a country-house at Vaucluse, near the island. The borders of the fountain of Vaucluse resounded with the amorous plaints. Petrarch separated himself, for some time, from the object of his flame. He travelled into France, Germany, and Italy, and was every where received as a man of distinguished merit. On his return to Vaucluse he found, what he desired, solitude, tranquility and books. His passion for Laura followed him. He celebrated anew in his verses, the virtues and charms of his mistress, and the delicious repose of his hermitage. He immortalized Vaucluse, Laura, and immortalized himself. His name was every where circulated. He received on the same day letters from the Senate of Rome, the king of Naples, and the chancellor of the University of Paris. He was invited, in the most flattering terms; to come and receive the poetical crown on these two theatres of the world. Petrarch preferred Rome to Paris: he passed through Naples where he sustained an examination for three days in the presence of King Robert, the judge, and Mæcenæ of the literati of his age. Arrived at Rome, he received from the Senate and people the poetical crown, on the 8th of April, being Easter day, 1341. The circumstances of this solemnity are so remarkable, that they deserve to be related. Upon the day, on which it was to be performed, the Vice-Legat who was of the family of Colonne and Bishop of Terracina, caused a mass to be celebrated with music at the altar of St. Peter; after which Petrarch was conducted to the palace of Colonne near Santa Maria in vialate, where they dined. After dinner the under-master of ceremonies brought several works of Petrarch, and made a speech to the assembly, in which he demanded, that he should be crowned Poet, which was unanimously agreed to. Immediately after the Poet was dressed in the habits necessary for the ceremony. First, he had the tragic *Cothurnus* of purple leather put upon his right leg, and on the left the comic buskin of a violet colour, tied with blue strings. Upon his doublet, which was of grey taffeta, he had a long robe of violet coloured velvet, plaited at the collar with sleeves, doubled with green taffeta, and adorned with gold lace, and he was girt with a chain of diamonds. Upon this robe he had another of white.

Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK:
SATURDAY, MAY 30, 1812.

WEEKLY RETROSPECT.

The last accounts from England generally agree that the riots are subsiding, although the disaffection among the labouring classes evidently continues. The insurgents were frequently charged by the military, at Macclesfield, who finally succeeded in restoring order, not however before much damage was done to private property and a few of the military and several of the people either killed or wounded.

The scarcity of provisions continued to cause serious discontents in France, from which even the capital was not free.

The following extract of a letter, dated Paris, April 18, may show something of the views of Bonaparte:—"The denouncement of the mighty preparations opens every day more distinctly to one's view, and the most incredulous will now admit that the gigantic power and ambition of France are directed solely to the subjugation of the world. An army of 500,000 men and all Germany marching against Russia and to other conquests—France itself put into a new armour, which secures her internal tranquility, her frontiers from attack, and places every soldier of the line at the disposition of the emperor—add to this, the immense revenue of the empire; the most devoted and well disciplined troops, commanded by the ablest general of the day—and you have a combination of means unparalleled even in history. New organizations are talked of, such as the re-union of Westphalia and other confederates of the Rhine to the Empire—Jerome to have either Prussia or Poland—the king of Prussia to become duke of Silesia—and the dispossessed German princes to be ecuyers, chamberlains, &c. These speculations, which fifteen years ago would have appeared ridiculous, are now reasonable and require but the will of one person to verify them. France however, is in the greatest distress at this moment, for the want of corn; in the provinces bread has quadrupled in price—and even in Paris (where every exertion is made to keep up the supply) the people are not able to pay the price, and it often happens that not a loaf is to be had. Potatoes, rice and such articles rise in proportion. This want of bread creates alarms, and has already caused insurrections in several places. The discontented speak out notwithstanding the severity of the government. It may be a question whether the emperor will think it safe to leave his empire under such circumstances. I have no idea he will start before the campaign commences."

The Swedish Consul-General at Paris, Signal, lately arrived at Stockholm, with proposals from the French Emperor, that Sweden should send 35,000 men to Germany, in consideration of which she was to have Finland, and a part of Russia, as far as the Ladago. He remained only three days at Stockholm.

A Volcano broke out, on the first of May, at St. Lucia, which did considerable damage to the plantations—a small village, about four leagues from where the volcano broke out, was nearly destroyed, together with several of its inhabitants.

The National Intelligencer of Tuesday last; observes, "It is understood, that the Hornet, after so long a delay, has returned without fulfilling the wishes of the Government, or furnishing any satisfactory evidence that the French Government sincerely intends to do that justice to the United States which alone can place the relations of the two countries on an amicable footing."

Office of New-York Weekly Museum.
241 PEARL-STREET.

OWING to the many and almost insurmountable difficulties incident to the establishment of a New Paper; difficulties which the Editor FEELS, and which his friends, he hopes, can easily imagine, he regrets to be compelled to say, that he is conscious many of his subscribers have not as promptly received their papers as they ought. He is now actively engaged in making such arrangements for the future as he has no doubt will never give him occasion to renew this apology. He respectfully requests that such as have been neglected will have the goodness to call at the Office for the previous numbers.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Several communications received since our last, must lie over this week for the want of room.

Should any gentleman be in the possession of "Miscellaneous Essays," written and published by Arthur Brown, Esq. Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, published in the years 1804 or 5, and now very scarce in this country, he will confer a particular favour upon the editor by giving the use of them for a short time; he promises on his part to take particular care of the volumes and to punctually return them.

If "Jonathan Oldstyle" who resided in this city sometime about the years 1801, 1802 or 1803, will make his appearance at this office, he will be cordially received, and perhaps "hear of something to his advantage."

Nuptial.

"Oh! say without our hopes, without our fears,
Without the home that plighted love endears,
Without the smile from partial beauty won,
Oh! what were man?—a world without a sun"

MARRIED.

On Monday evening, Mr. Patrick Sullivan, grocer, to Miss Jane Schenck, both of this city.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Thomas Lyell, Mr. Lloyd Smith, merchant to Miss Catharine Ritter, daughter of the late Peter Ritter, all of this city.

By the Rt. Rev. Bishop Hobart Wm. Maurice Hartnett, to Miss Mary Ann Wall.

At White Plains, Westchester county, on the 13th inst. Mr. Andrew L. Halsted, of this city, to Miss Fanny Miller.

At Norwich, Conn. on the 22d inst. Mr. Elisha Townsend, of the house of H. & E. Townsend & Co. of this city, to Miss Eliza Nevins, of the former place.

At South Amboy, N. J. the 10th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Fountain, Capt. David Provoost, to Miss Charlotte Brown.

Obituary.

"Each moment has its sickle, emulous
Of Time's enormous scythe, whose ample sweep
Strikes empires from the root, each moment plays
His little weapon in the narrower sphere
Of sweet domestic comfort, and cuts down
The fairest bloom of sublunary bliss—"

DIED.

At New-Brunswick, in consequence of the injury she received by the overturning of the stage, on her journey from Philad. to New-York, Mrs. Melmoth, a celebrated actress, formerly of the Theatre of this city.

[The following epitaph, written by a lady, we insert with pleasure, and give it to our readers, not only as appropriate for this department of our paper, but as a proof that genius is not confined to the tyrant sex only.]

MELMOTH farewell! thy Part in time is o'er,
And thou the stage of life shalt tread no more;
Thy cultur'd mind charm'd Prejudice to sleep,
And o'er thy tomb Melpomene shall weep.

At New-Haven, Mr. Thomas Green, Printer, aged 77. In this city, suddenly, on Monday morning, Miss Sarah Bussing in the 62d year of her age.

Mr. George Goodheart.
Last week Miss Catherine Van Cortlandt Cooper, daughter of the Rev. E. Cooper.

On Tuesday, Mrs. Mary Mealy, aged 42 years.

On Wednesday, Mr. David Thomas, cabinet maker in the 38th year of his age.

Same day, Mrs. Mary Hughes, wife of Capt. Hughes, aged 64.

Same day, Mr. Buchanan, in the 47th year of his age. Margaret Sinsby, aged 93.

On Wednesday evening, Mr. Daniel Johnson, of the firm of Johnson, Purdy and Co.

The City Inspector reports the deaths of 124 persons from the 9th to the 23d day of May, 1812.

satin open at the sides. His head was then covered with a mitre of gold cloth, and made in such a manner as to receive the crowns upon it, and adorned with pendants behind, like those of Bishops. At his neck hung a violin with a chain consisting of figures and dragons. Upon his hands he had a pair of gloves, the right of otter skin, the left of ermine. When he was thus equipped, there came a girl with her hair loose, bare-footed with a bear's skin over her shoulders, and a lighted candle in her left hand, in order to hold up his robe, which was very long. In this manner he came down into the court, where he found a chariot adorned with devices, covered with laurel, ivy and myrtle, and spread with cloth of gold, in which were represented mount Parnassus, Apollo and the Muses. At the top was a seat where our poet sat, having round him several books, and all the symbols of the liberal arts, and bearing on his knees a large violin of ivory. Of the four feet which supported his seat, the first was a lion, the second an elephant, the third a griffin and the fourth a panther. Divers persons representing the ancient deities, walked round the chariot, which bore with Petrarch only the three Graces, and Bacchus, who had at his side Patience. The Chariot was drawn by four horses and preceded by a woman dressed in a coarse cloth, who drove before her with a wand a man well dressed, who sat at his ease in a litter drawn by two horses. A person representing Envy, and carrying in her hand a cross-bow bent, walked behind, and was followed by Satyrs, Fawns and nymphs dancing. When the music ceased, young people leaped and danced about on all sides, and sung songs in honor of Petrarch and the city of Rome. In this order they arrived at the Capitol, where every body being ascended, Petrarch made a speech in latin desiring the poetical crown, which was granted him: and three crowns placed upon his mitre, Laurel, Ivy, and Myrtle. The Senator, who crowned him, presented him with a robe valued at five hundred ducats of gold, and the people of Rome gave him five hundred ducats more, and every thing which had been made use of at his coronation. Mounting his chariot again he went in the same order in which he came to the Church of St. Peter, throwing money among the people, which had been bestowed on him, by the Colonnas, who gave him for that purpose, four hundred florins. When he arrived at St. Peter's, he performed his devotions before the great altar, and offered his three crowns there. He then returned to the palace of Colonna, where he was entertained at a magnificent supper, which was followed by a ball. The festival was terminated with letters patent, in which after a very flattering preamble, is recited, "that Petrarch has merited the title of *Great Poet and Historian*; that as a special mark of his poetical qualification, he has been crowned with laurel, and empowered as well by the authority of king Robert, as the Senate and people of Rome, both in the poetical and historical departments, to read in Rome and every where besides, to explain ancient authors and to compose new works, and poems, and to bear on all public occasions, a crown of Laurel, Ivy or Myrtle at his option, with the poetical robe." In short, he was declared a Roman citizen, and vested with all its privileges. All these honours, however, as he himself remarks, added nothing to his knowledge, but only served to augment the number of those who envied his talents.

Seat of the Muses.

.....
 "There is a charm, a power, that sways the breast;
 Bids every passion revel or be still;
 Inspires with rage, or all your cares dissolves;
 Can soothe distraction, and almost despair :—
 That power is Music."

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

THE BLIND BOY OF BUCK'S COUNTY.

BY A YOUNG WOMAN.

WHILE beauty's fascinating power,
 Can ne'er his peace annoy,
 The pleasures of the social hour,
 Delight the poor Blind Boy

In friendship's offices and names
 His powers have sweet employ,
 Then lend your aid each lass and swain,
 To bless the poor Blind Boy.

To him the sun emits no ray
 While we its light enjoy;
 But heav'n reserves a brighter day
 To bless the poor Blind Boy.

This pleasing day will know no night,
 To damp its steady joy;
 The sun of righteousness will light
 And bless my poor Blind Boy.

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

ON THE WORD FAREWELL.

WHAT magic's in the gloomy sound,
 To conjure up a grief profound!
 O say, what woes on woes we tell,
 In that one solemn word, Farewell.

When sever'd from our loves and friends,
 What anguish to the soul it sends!
 It thrills the heart like death's cold knell,
 That heart-affecting word, Farewell.

But when the sainted spirit flies,
 To happier mansions in the skies;
 Within those blissful regions dwell,
 No pains, no griefs—there's no Farewell.

SONNETS AND ODES OF PETRARCH.

.....
 "In early beauty," says Petrarch to Laura, "ere you were aware of my passion, and when you endeavoured to render yourself generally pleasing, you then displayed to me all your charms; but now that you know my attachment, you hide with your veil those particular beauties to which I am so partial, your fine hair, and lovely eyes. What else can account for your so constantly wearing that veil; whether the sun requires it, or no; whether it be warm, or cold?"

ODE I.

WHEREFORE, my unkind fair-one, say,
 Whether the sun fierce darts his ray,
 Or whether gloom o'erspreads the sky,
 That envious veil is ne'er thrown by;
 Though well you read my heart, and knew
 How much I long'd your charms to view?
 While I conceal'd each tender thought,
 That my fond mind's destruction wrought,
 Your face with pity sweetly shone;
 But, when Love made my passion known,
 Your sunny locks were seen no more,
 Nor smil'd your eyes as heretofore;
 Behind a jealous cloud retir'd
 Those beauties which I most admir'd.
 And shall a veil thus rule my fate?
 O, cruel veil, that whether heat,
 Or cold be felt, art doom'd to prove
 Fatal to me, shadowing the lights I love

Morality.

ORIGINAL AND COMMUNICATED.

MORAL DUTIES.

.....
 HE who would be a good man, must begin by being a good child. First impressions are generally lasting; and early habits, in proportion as they are persisted in, become so ingrafted that there is little desire and often scarce the power of forsaking them. Happy therefore must be the child, who, practising goodness, becomes familiar with virtue, that best security for happiness. To such a child the performance of virtuous duties will become easy and pleasing, and his reward will be certain and constant, for there is no axiom more indisputable than that virtue is the only sure source of happiness. If unfortunately the child indulges in early practices of vice, however trivial the occasions, the folly and crime will grow in enormity, and fasten on its victim until, no longer able to resist its hateful influence, he will sink beneath a weight that must render him wretched and unhappy. Let not the child too weakly calculate on his power of desisting at pleasure from irregular habits, but rather resist the first invitation to crimes, which, even for a moment, can produce but unhappy sensations and unpleasant reflections. The progress of vice and its increasing and durable influence, where it is once admitted, has been beautifully described by the poet in the following lines:

"Vice is a monster of such hideous mein,
 As to be hated needs but to be seen,
 Yet seen too often, familiar with its face,
 We first endure, then pity, then embrace!"

Two duties are particularly incumbent on the child, an attention to these will go far in directing his whole conduct. The first of these duties is obedience and love of parents; the second is love of brothers and sisters. The first may be said to be figurative of the great first commandment, to "love God above all things;" the second is figurative of that which directs us to love our neighbour as ourselves. The favours received from parents exceed those from other individuals, and demands our gratitude in an increased degree: indeed no labour, or remuneration can repay the boon received by children: nothing between man and man can equal the tender solicitude of parents towards children; yet how little is the recompense expected? Obedience and respect are generally all that are required by the parent; how easy, how pleasing to grant it? and, yet strange, there are some children, ungrateful, unjust and unchristian, who wound their parents hearts and render themselves unhappy and despised by a conduct undutiful and rebellious. The practice of love to brothers and sisters is but secondary to that due to parents; it prepares the mind for the performance of the duty due to the neighbour generally; nor can there be a sight more pleasing to God or man, than to see little children reciprocating little favours, instead of envying, disputing, or quarrelling with each other—Let then the child, who would be favoured by God or loved by man, deserve it by performing the duties designated by religion and reason.

CONTEMPT.

BOLLIERE said contempt was a pill which might be swallowed, but which it was impossible to chew without making wry faces.

Anecdotes.

.....
 The custom of having dwarfs and jesters is almost abolished in Europe; but it has always subsisted in the east. Tamerlane being encamped near Neapolis of Asia Minor, spent three days in listening to Nassred-Dyn-Khodjeh. This jester, or rather this Turkish Esop, charmed the prince so much with his fables, that he forgot to plunder that city. At the report of the approach of Tamerlane, the inhabitants had made preparations for a defence. Nassred-Dyn used all his endeavours to dissuade them, offering to go for them as an ambassador to Tamerlane. When he was about to set out on his mission, he began to think within himself what present he should carry to so formidable an enemy. He concluded that he would offer him some fruit: "but," said he, "advice is always good—I will go and consult my wife." He finds her and asks, "what fruit think you would be most acceptable to Tamerlane, figs or quinces?" "Quinces," said she, "for being large and handsomer, they cannot fail to please him more." To which he replied, "however useful advice may be to remove our doubts, it is never good to follow that of a woman." (*This is a Turk who speaks.*) "I am determined to take figs, and not quinces." He accordingly got ready and departed with his provision. Tamerlane learning that the famous Nassred-Dyn-Khodjeh was arrived as an ambassador to his camp, ordered him to be introduced. He was bare-headed and bald; this gave Tamerlane the idea of throwing the figs at his head. At every stroke, Nassred-Dyn exclaimed, without appearing to be moved, "God be praised!" Such an exclamation, excited the curiosity of Tamerlane, who asked him the reason of it. The ambassador, with the same sangfroid, answered him: "I thank God, because I did not follow the advice of my wife; for if, after her advice, I had, instead of figs, brought quinces to your majesty, I should have had my head broken."

.....
 A young candidate for the Bar, on his examination, was asked, among other questions: "How many kinds of Bail are there?" "Three" was his reply: "Describe them, Sir, if you please," said the Judge. "First, *Special*; secondly, *Common*:" Here he paused, recollecting his error of enumeration. "Well Sir, the *third*?" was the next demand of the Judge with a mixture of severity and contempt. The youth assuming a proper degree of forensic assurance, replied, "the *third*, please the court, is *Leg Bail*." This *come off*, procured him not only excuse, but applause.

.....
 A fellow was taken up not long ago, near Strabane, Ireland, on a strong charge of a footpad robbery; and being committed for trial, he was found next morning suspended by a handkerchief, in his cell, quite lifeless. On the wall of his cell he had written in chalk, "*Is not this better than bothering a jury?*"

PRINTED BY
JAMES ORAM,

NO. 241, PEARL-STREET,

WHERE PRINTING IN GENERAL IS EXECUTED
 WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH,